MAXIMS

AND

OBSERVATIONS

MORAL and PHYSICAL:

INTERSPERSED WITH

CHARACTERS

FROM THE MOST APPROVED

AUTHORS.

Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum.

In Nature's ſtorehouſe all inſtruction dwells;
Not ev'ry man in ev'ry thing excels.
Some write for profit only, ſome for fame,
And ſome, more ſilly, to expoſe their name.

From all the tribe of authors, who have writ
T'indulge their ſpleen, their fancy, or their wit,
Some moral may by moraliſts be drawn,
At leaſt enough to make an idler yawn.

My humble pen attempts no lofty ſtrain,
But rambles freely o'er the fruitful plain;
Aſſumes no praiſe, nor dreads the critic's lore,
And only copies what was writ before.

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

PREFACE.

WHEN I firſt began to make theſe extracts for my own amuſement, I had not the leaſt idea of publiſhing them.

It having been ſuggeſted to me that they might be uſeful to many readers, whoſe avocations have not permitted them to explore a great variety of authors, I have ſubmitted them to their peruſal; conſcious, that, if they contain a ſingle line that tends either to corrupt their morals or miſlead their judgement, I have ſpent my time but very indifferently.

I claim no merit from novelty, as the title-page declares: if the leaſt merit is due to me, it is from a judicious ſelection, which I leave to the judgement of my readers.

To quote the words of a celebrated modern author upon this occaſion: "The ordinary writers of morality "preſcribe to their readers after the ga- "lenic way: their medicines are made "up in large quantities. An eſſay-wri- "ter muſt practiſe in the chemical me- "thod, and give the virtue of a full "draught in a few drops. Were all "books reduced thus to their quinteſ- "ſence, many a bulky author would "make his appearance in a penny paper. "There would be ſcarcely any ſuch a "thing in nature as a folio. The works "of an age would be contained on a "few ſhelves; not to mention millions "of volumes that would be utterly an- "nihilated."

If, from a peruſal of the following pages, a ſingle individual ſhould reap either pleaſure or inſtruction, my purpoſe will be anſwered.

The EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

Number
1 MAXIMS.
2 Prudence, Intrepidity, and Perſeverance.
3 Impolicy of overleaping the ſettled Boundaries of Right and Wrong.
4 Danger of Pleaſure.
5 Society.
6 Irreſolution and Inconſtancy.
7 Gaming.
8 Oppoſite Characters.
9 Pleaſure and Buſineſs.
10 One great Source of Vexation.
11 Friendſhip.
12 Religion.
13 Injury to human Society.
14 Luxury.
15 Inſult.
16 Modeſty.
17 Caprice.
18 Breaches in Affection.
19 Hatred and Enmities.
20 Paſſion.
21 Humanity.
22 Sovereign Princes.
23 Inſipidity.
24 Short Account of the Portugueſe.
25 Duty to ourſelves and the Community.
26 Debt.

26 Debt.
27 Impriſonment.
28 Experience.
29 Coxcombs.
30 Flavia.
31 Duelling.
32 A Queſtion.
33 Lord Scarborough.
34 Lord Cheſterfield.
35 Pride, Vanity, and Affectation.
36 Ridiculous Miſtakes with Regard to our own Characters.
37 Self-Knowledge.
38 Enquiry after what is true and fitting.
39 Malicious Diſpoſition of Mankind.
40 Taking Leave of Friends.
41 Advice to young Men.
42 Innocence.
43 Ingratitude.
44 Neglect and Miſunderſtandings.
45 Nature above Art.
46 Death.
47 Wiſdom.
48 Advice to young Men.
49 Death of Maria.
50 Old Age.
51 Affability.
52 Love.
53 Blundering.
54 Ridiculous Vanity.
55 Eucratia.
56 Eugene.
57 Pleaſure.
58 Conſcience.

58 Conſcience.
59 Envy.
60 Advantages of the Goſpel.
61 Imprudence oppoſed to Villany.
62 Neceſſity of accommodating ourſelves to the Faſhion of the Times.
63 Repentance poſſible amongſt the moſt abandoned.
64 Temperance.
65 Folly of Mankind.
66 Difference between Solitude and Retirement.
67 Vanity.
68 A Coquette.
69 Riches.
70 Force of Habit.
71 True Period of human Life, and happy Diſpoſition of our Time.
72 Impolicy of frequent Executions.
73 Wiſdom.
74 Firſt Impreſſions.
75 Virtue.
76 Solon's Opinion of Marriage.
77 Beauty.
78 Vanity of human Life.
79 True and falſe Happineſs.
80 The Heart an unerring Monitor.
81 Advice to Parents.
82 Evils greater or leſs by Compariſon.
83 Advantage of Suffering.
84 Voluntary Error.
85 Abuſe of Power.
86 Friendſhip grounded on the maternal and filial Tie.

87 Fallacy of Artifice.
88 Adverſity.
89 Advantage of Society.
90 Lord Aſhburton.
91 Difference between true and falſe Religion.
92 Content incompatible with too lively a Fancy.
93 Difficult to diſcover the natural Bent of Mens Tempers.
94 Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné.
95 Catharine de Medicis.
96 Courage.
97 Abſurdity of pretending to be too old to mend.
98 Impolicy of adminiſtering Oaths too frequently.
99 Avarice.
100 Education.
101 Flattery.
102 Fortune.
103 Truth.
104 Jealouſy.
105 Men and Women.
106 Enjoyment of Life.
107 A good and wiſe Man.
108 Effects of Fortune.
109 Precept of Pythagoras.
110 Contrition.
111 Anger.
112 Good-nature.
113 Parents and Children.
114 Concluſion.

NUM-

Erratum. P. 8, l. 8, for *one* read *on a*.

NUMBER I.

MAXIMS.

Multa fidem promiſſa levant. ——

Hor. Ep. II. L. ii. V. 10.

A MAN's firſt care ſhould be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to eſcape the cenſures of the world.

It is an endleſs and frivolous purſuit to act by any other rule than the care of ſatisfying our own minds in what we do.

There is no ſtate of life ſo anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reaſon.

Integrity without knowledge is weak and uſeleſs, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

There is no evil under the ſun ſo great as the abuſe of the underſtanding, and yet there is no one vice more common.

There is not a greater monſter in being, than a very ill man of great parts.

Every man, who terminates his ſatisfactions and enjoyments within the ſupply of his own neceſſities and paſſions, is incapable of true felicity; which conſiſts in communicating happineſs to others.

No evil is inſupportable but that which is accompanied with conſciouſneſs of wrong.

It is ſeldom that puniſhment, though lame of foot, hath failed to overtake a villain.

As unaccountable as one would think it, a wiſe man is not always a good man. Integrity of heart is preferable to the qualities of the head.

The entire conqueſt of our paſſions is ſo difficult a work, that they who deſpair of it ſhould think of a leſs difficult taſk, and only attempt to regulate them.

One man dreads the weight of an enterprize as too burthenſome for a puſillanimous ſoul and a weak conſtitution; another undertakes and carries

it through. Either virtue is an empty name, or the man who makes the experiment deſervedly claims the honour and the reward.

NUMBER II.

PRUDENCE, INTREPIDITY, and PERSEVERANCE.

Though prudence, intrepidity, and perſeverance, united, are not exempt from the blows of adverſe fortune; yet, in a long ſeries of tranſactions, they uſually riſe ſuperior to its power, and, in the end, rarely fail of proving ſucceſsful.

NUM-

NUMBER III.

Impolicy of overleaping the settled Boundaries of Right and Wrong.

When we conſult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the ſettled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by ſucceſs, becauſe we cannot eſcape the conſciouſneſs of our fault; but, if we miſcarry, the diſappointment is irremediably embittered.

NUMBER IV.

Danger of Pleasure.

The liberty of uſing harmleſs pleaſures will not be diſputed; but it is ſtill

ſtill to be examined what pleaſures are harmleſs. Pleaſure, in itſelf harmleſs, may become miſchievous by endearing to us a ſtate which we know to be tranſient and probatory, and withdrawing our thoughts from that, of which every hour brings us nearer to the beginning, and of which no length of time will bring us to the end. Mortification is not virtuous in itſelf, nor has any other uſe, but that it diſengages us from the allurements of ſenſe. In the ſtate of future perfection to which we all aſpire, there will be pleaſure without danger, and ſecurity without reſtraint.

NUMBER V.

Society.

When modeſty ceaſes to be the chief ornament of one ſex, and integrity of the

the other, ſociety is upon a wrong baſis, and we ſhall be ever without rules to guide our judgement in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reaſon direct one thing, paſſion and humour another: to follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endleſs and intricate; when we purſue the other, our paſſage is delightful, and what we aim at eaſily attainable.

NUMBER VI.

Irresolution and Inconstancy.

Irreſolution on the ſchemes of life which offer themſelves to our choice, and inconſtancy in purſuing them, are the greateſt and moſt univerſal cauſes of all our diſquiet and unhappineſs.

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When ambition pulls one way, intereſt another, inclination a third, and, perhaps, reaſon contrary to all, a man is likely to paſs his time but ill who has ſo many different parties to pleaſe. When the mind hovers among ſuch a variety of allurements, one had better ſettle one way of life, that is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our choice; and go out of the world, as the greateſt part of mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one method of ſetting ourſelves at reſt in this particular; and that is, by adhering ſtedfaſtly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſigns, we may go through life with ſteadineſs

and

and pleaſure; but, if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not be only virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance. Nature ſets her gifts on the right hand and on the left. Thoſe conditions, which flatter hope and attract deſire, are ſo conſtituted, that, as we approach one, we recede from another. There are goods ſo oppoſed that we cannot ſeize both; but, by too much prudence, may paſs between them at too great a diſtance to reach either. This is often the fate of long conſideration; he does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. We ſhould not flatter ourſelves with contrarieties of pleaſure. Of the bleſſings ſet before us we ſhould make our choice, and be content. No man can taſte the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his

ſcent with the flowers of the ſpring. No man can, at the ſame time, fill his cup from the ſource and the mouth of the Nile.

NUMBER VII.

GAMING.

It were much to be wiſhed that the deſtructive cuſtom of play was reſtrained at leaſt, though better aboliſhed, in all nations. A practice, ſo injurious both to policy and morals, ought ſurely to call upon the notice of the legiſlature. Gaming, like the grave, levels all diſtinction; puts the peaſant and the prince upon an equal footing; and aſſociates the counteſs with the courtezan. What diſmal effects has the continued practice of gaming been obſerved to produce

produce in the diſpoſitions of the mind, and the moſt eſſential parts of the character, deſtroying every idea of œconomy, engroſſing the whole time, undermining the beſt principles, perverting the qualities of the heart, rendering men callous to the ruin of acquaintances, and partakers, with a ſavage inſenſibility, in the ſpoils of their unwary friends.

NUMBER VIII.

Opposite Characters.

There are men in the world (and very uſeful and moſt reſpectable men, no doubt, they are) who examine the pros and the cons before they decide upon the moſt indifferent occaſion; who are directed in all their actions by propriety,

and by the general-received notions of duty. They weigh, in the niceſt ſcales, every claim that an acquaintance, a relation, or a friend, may have on them; and they endeavour to pay them, on demand, as they would a bill of exchange. They calculate their income and proportion every expence; their paſſions and their affairs are always in excellent order; they walk through life undiſturbed by the misfortunes of others; and, when they come to the end of their journey, are decently interred in a church-yard. There is another ſet of men, who never calculate; for, they are generally guided by the heart, which never was taught arithmetic, and knows nothing of accounts. Their heads have ſcarcely a vote in the choice of their acquaintances; and, without the conſent of the heart, moſt certainly none in their friendſhips. They perform acts of benevolence without recollecting

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ing that this is a duty, merely for the pleaſure they afford; and, perhaps, forget them, as they do their own pleaſures, when paſt. As for little occaſional charities, theſe are as natural to ſuch characters as breathing; and they claim as little merit for the one as the other; the whole ſeeming an affair of inſtinct rather than of reflection. That the firſt of theſe two claſſes of men is the moſt uſeful to ſociety; that their affairs will be conducted with the moſt circumſpection; that they will keep out of many ſcrapes and difficulties that the others may fall into; and that they are (if you inſiſt upon it very violently) the moſt virtuous of the two, I ſhall not diſpute: yet, for the ſoul of me, I cannot help preferring the other; for, almoſt all the friends, I ever had in my life, are of the ſecond claſs.

NUMBER IX.

Pleasure and Business.

I have often admired, without being able perfectly to imitate, thoſe who have the happy talent of intermingling buſineſs with amuſement.

Pleaſure and buſineſs contraſt, and give a reliſh to each other, like day and night, the conſtant viciſſitudes of which are far more delightful than an uninterrupted half year of either would be.

To paſs life in the moſt agreeable manner, one ought not to be ſo much a man of pleaſure as to poſtpone any neceſſary buſineſs; nor ſo much a man of buſineſs as to deſpiſe elegant amuſement. A proper mixture of both forms a more infallible ſpecific againſt tedium and fatigue than a conſtant regimen of the moſt pleaſant of the two.

NUMBER X.

One great Source of Vexation.

I have at length learnt, by my own experience, (for not one man in twenty profits by the experience of others,) that one great ſource of vexation proceeds from our indulging too ſanguine hopes of enjoyment from the bleſſings we expect, and too much indifference for thoſe we poſſeſs. We ſcorn a thouſand ſources of ſatisfaction we might have had in the interim; and permit our comfort to be diſturbed, and our time to paſs unenjoyed, from impatience for ſome imagined pleaſure at a diſtance, which we may, perhaps, never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleaſure.

NUMBER XI.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendſhip is a plant of ſlow growth in every climate: happy the man who can rear a few even where he has the moſt ſettled reſidence. The mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolutions, ſoothes and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life. Travellers, paſſing through foreign countries, ſeldom take time to cultivate them. If they be preſented with ſome flowers, although of

a flimſy texture and quicker growth, they ought to accept of them with thankfulneſs, and not quarrel with the natives for chooſing to retain the other more valuable plant for their own uſe.

NUMBER XII.

Religion.

Irreligion and ſcepticiſm, excluſive of the bad effects they may have on the morals or future deſtiny of men, impair even their temporal happineſs, by obſcuring thoſe hopes, which, in ſome ſituations, are their only conſolation. In whatever ſuperior point of view thoſe men may conſider themſelves, who deride the opinions which their fellow-citizens hold ſacred, their vanity is often overbalanced by the irkſome doubts which

obtrude on their minds. Uncertainty with reſpect to the moſt intereſting of all ſubjects, or a fixed perſuaſion of annihilation, are equally inſupportable to the greater part of mankind, who, ſooner or later, endeavour to put in a claim for that bright reverſion which religion has promiſed to believers. If the idea of annihilation has been ſupported without pain by a few philoſophers, it is the utmoſt that can be ſaid: ſuch a ſtate of mind can never be a ſource of ſatisfaction or pleaſure. People of great ſenſibility ſeldom endure it long; their fond deſire of immortality overturns every fabric which ſcepticiſm had attempted to raiſe in their minds; they cannot abide by a doctrine which plucks from the heart a deeply-rooted hope, tears aſide all thoſe ties of humanity, affection, friendſhip, and love, which it has been the buſineſs of their lives to bind, and which they expect will be eternal.

eternal. Since ſenſibility renders the heart of man averſe to ſcepticiſm, and inclinable to devotion, we may naturally expect to find women more devout than men: very few of that delicate ſex have been able to look with ſteadfaſt eyes on a proſpect which terminates in a diſmal blank; and thoſe few, who have had that degree of philoſophical fortitude, have not been the moſt amiable of the ſex.

NUMBER XIII.

Injury to human Society.

There can be no greater injury to human ſociety than that good talents, among men, ſhould be held honourable, to thoſe who are endowed with them, without any regard how they are ap-

plied. The gifts of nature, and accompliſhments of art, are valuable but as they are exerted in the intereſts of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abſtract our minds from the obſervation of an excellence in thoſe we converſe with, till we have taken ſome notice, or received ſome good information of the diſpoſition of their minds; otherwiſe the beauty of their perſons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of thoſe whom our reaſon and judgement will tell us we ought to abhor.

NUMBER XIV.

Luxury.

Luxury is a vice which is ſo far from being acknowledged as criminal, that it

it is oſtentatiouſly affected; now this is not only a vice in itſelf, but it is in reality a privation of all virtue. For, firſt, in lower fortunes, it prevents men from being honeſt; and, in higher ſituations, it excludes that virtue without which no man can be a chriſtian, namely, charity; for, as ſurely as charity covereth a multitude of ſins, ſo muſt a multitude of diſhes, pictures, jewels, houſes, horſes, ſervants, &c. cover all charity.

NUMBER XV.

Insult.

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but inſults admit of no compenſation. They degrade the mind in its own

own eſteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.

NUMBER XVI.

Modesty.

The man who endeavours to conceal his own merit, who ſets that of other people in its true light, who ſpeaks but little of himſelf, and with modeſty; ſuch a man makes a favorable impreſſion upon the underſtanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and eſteem.

NUMBER XVII.

Caprice.

Caprice is a vice of the temper which increaſes faſter than any other by indulgence;

dulgence; it often ſpoils the beſt qualities of the heart; and, in particular ſituations, degenerates into the moſt inſufferable tyranny. The firſt appearance of it in young minds ought to be oppoſed with firmneſs, and prevented from farther progreſs, otherwiſe our future attempts to arreſt it may be fruitleſs.

NUMBER XVIII.

Breaches in Affection.

Breaches in affection are extremely unfortunate, as they are never to be wholly repaired again. Common connections, like air or water, blend together, after ſeparation, as uniformly as before; but ties of nature or of friendſhip, like fleſh and blood, can never unite

unite again, without leaving a cicatrice behind.

NUMBER XIX.

Hatred and Enmities.

There ſhould be a generoſity in our enmities as well as in our friendſhips: an act of vileneſs cannot be juſtified by hate, when even love itſelf can never excuſe it.

A man ſhould not allow himſelf to hate even his enemies, becauſe, if he indulges this paſſion in ſome occaſions, it will riſe of itſelf in others: if we hate our enemies, we ſhall contract ſuch a vicious habit of mind as, by degrees, will break out upon thoſe who are our friends, or thoſe who are indifferent to us. We ſhould ſo live with our ene-

mies

mies as if they may one day become our friends, which, in the viciſſitude of human affairs, very frequently happens.

NUMBER XX.

Passion.

If the obſervations I have been able to make on the human character are well founded, there are certain conſiderations which never entirely loſe their influence on the minds of men, even when they are in the height of paſſion. I do not mean that there are not inſtances of men being thrown into ſuch paroxiſms of fury as totally deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to conſequences; but extraordinary inſtances,

which depend on peculiarities of conſtitution, and very ſingular circumſtances, cannot deſtroy the force of an obſervation which, generally ſpeaking, is found juſt. We every day ſee men, who have the character of being of the moſt ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of paſſion upon the moſt trivial occaſions, yet, in the midſt of all their rage, and when they ſeem to be entirely blinded by fury, are ſtill capable of making diſtinctions; which plainly evince that they are not ſo very much blinded by anger as they would ſeem to be. When people are ſubject to violent fits of choler, and to an unreſtrained licence of words and actions, only in the company of thoſe, who, from their unfortunate ſituation in life, are obliged to bear ſuch abuſe, it is a plain proof that conſiderations, which regard their own perſonal ſafety, have ſome influence on their minds in

the midſt of their fury, and inſtruct them to be mad *certo ratione modoque*. This is frequently unknown to thoſe choleric people themſelves, while it is fully evident to every perſon of obſervation around them.

What violent fits of paſſion do ſome men indulge themſelves in againſt their ſlaves and ſervants, which they always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers, of which, however, they diſplay the moſt perfect command upon much greater provocations, given by their ſuperiors, equals, or by any ſet of people who are not obliged to bear their ill-humour! How often do we ſee men who are agreeable, chearful, polite, and good-tempered, to the world in general, gloomy, peeviſh, and paſſionate, to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witneſs to any inſtance of unprovoked domeſtic rage, into which they have allowed them-

ſelves to be tranſported, they will very probably lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the reſt of mankind. But if a man does not ſpeak and act with the ſame degree of violence on an equal provocation, without conſidering whether it came from ſuperior, equal, or dependent, he plainly ſhews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occaſions proceeds from the baſeſt and moſt deſpicable of all motives.

NUMBER XXI.

HUMANITY.

There is ſomething in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is ſubject, from what cauſe ſoever it may have happened; but

but in ſuch calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiſcretion of himſelf, there is ſomething then ſo truly intereſting, that, at the firſt ſight, we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be ſo, but oftener from a certain generoſity and tenderneſs of nature which diſpoſes us to compaſſion, abſtracted from all conſiderations of ſelf. So that, without any obſervable act of the will, we ſuffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our ſpirits we know not why, on ſeeing the moſt common inſtances of their diſtreſs. But where the ſpectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumſtances of miſery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and, were it inclined to it, has no power to make reſiſtance, but ſurrenders itſelf to all the tender emotions of pity and

deep

deep concern. So that when one conſiders the friendly part of our nature without looking farther, one would think it impoſſible for man to look upon miſery without finding himſelf in ſome meaſure attached to the intereſt of him who ſuffers it.—I ſay, one would think it impoſſible; for, there are ſome tempers—How ſhall I deſcribe them?—formed either of ſuch impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual ſelfiſhneſs to ſuch an utter inſenſibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, that they act as if they were not partakers of the ſame nature, or had not lot or connection at all with the ſpecies.

That humanity is not inſeparable from our nature I allow, from ſome reproachful inſtances of ſelfiſh tempers, which ſeem to take part in nothing beyond themſelves; yet I am perſuaded, and affirm, it is ſtill ſo great and noble a

part

part of our nature, that a man muſt do great violence to himſelf, and ſuffer many a painful conflict, before he has brought himſelf to a different diſpoſition.

NUMBER XXII.

Sovereign Princes.

The manner, in which the generality of ſovereign princes paſs their time, is as far from being amuſing or agreeable as one can poſſibly imagine. Slaves to the tireſome routine of etiquette; martyrs to the oppreſſive fatigue of pomp; conſtrained to walk every levee-day around the ſame dull circle, to gratify the vanity of fifty or a hundred people, by whiſpering a ſomething or a nothing into the ears of each; obliged to wear

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a ſmiling countenance, even when the heart is oppreſſed with ſadneſs; beſieged by the craving faces of thoſe who are more diſpleaſed at what is withheld than grateful for the favours they have received; ſurrounded, as he conſtantly is, by adepts in the art of ſimulation, all profeſſing the higheſt poſſible regard; how ſhall the puzzled monarch diſtinguiſh real from aſſumed attachment? And what a riſk does he run of placing his confidence where he ought to have directed his indignation! And, to all theſe inconveniences, when we add this, that he is precluded from thoſe delightful ſenſations which ſpring from diſintereſted friendſhip, ſweet equality, and the gay, careleſs, enjoyments of ſocial life, we muſt acknowledge, that all that is brilliant in the condition of a ſovereign is not ſufficient to compenſate for ſuch reſtraints, ſuch dangers, and ſuch deprivations.

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NUMBER XXIII.

Insipidity.

A few inſipid characters in high life, whoſe internal vacancy leads them to ſeek amuſement in public places, and whoſe inſenſibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought the appearance of a want of all enjoyment into faſhion. Thoſe, who wiſh to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkiſh inſipidity of their ſuperiors in rank, and imagine it diſtinguiſhes them from the vulgar, to ſuppreſs all the natural expreſſions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to ſeem, upon all occaſions, in a ſtate of complete apathy. Thoſe amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be ſaid of them, they are not as other men are; you will

ſee them occaſionally at the play-houſe, placed in the boxes, like ſo many buſts, with unchanging features; and, while the reſt of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, theſe men of the ton preſerve the moſt dignified ſerenity of countenance, and, except that they from time to time pronounce the words *pſhaw* and *ſtuff*, one would think them the expreſs repreſentatives of the pagan gods, who have eyes but do not ſee, and ears but do not hear.

NUMBER XXIV.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE PORTUGUEZE.

The following laconic character of the Portugueze, was (with juſtice) given me

me by an Engliſh lady who reſides there. " The Portugueze (ſaid ſhe) are pea-
" cocks in the ſtreets, ſlovens in their
" own houſes, gluttons at other mens
" tables, and thieves and dunces from
" the cradle to the grave."

The ignorance of the people, in general, is greatly owing to the villany of the clergy, who fill them with ſuperſtition to keep them in awe, and deprive them of all the advantages of education. You never meet, in any ſtate, potentate, or republic, a Portugueze of any exalted abilities.

The kingdom of Portugal is moſt undoubtedly governed by the clergy; they poſſeſs and enjoy every thing, and are certainly the only claſs who can be ſaid to live; they lead the whole nation through ſuch ſuperſtitious paths, that the rich cannot retain their wealth when

the church ſtands in need of it. Indeed their appearance does credit to the public who maintains them; for, no Roman Catholic can excel their eccleſiaſtical fat and jollity; nor have Venus and Bacchus truer or ſtricter votaries; for, the nun and the bottle are their ſole objects of real adoration.

The Portugueze are ſlaves from the nature of their government, and the tyranny of the clergy renders them at once the moſt abject wretches in the world. They are proud amidſt poverty, and indolent though ſtarving in a country which will almoſt cultivate itſelf. Nothing can equal the ſerenity of the air; it is certainly the ſofteſt and the mildeſt in the univerſe; and, though it inſpires the weak and ſickly of other nations with new life and ſpirits, it makes none of theſe happy impreſſions on the Portugueze. The men are of a moroſe, gloomy, diſpoſition,

poſition, much given to jealouſy and envy, extremely ſlothful, and naturally cowards. The men are very vain of their military abilities, without that cardinal qualification, proweſs; — and, although without courage, will preſumptively aſſert, that their army and the maritime power of England would conquer the world. Alas! they do not merit the very name of ſoldiers. It does not appear to me, that there are any people fit to bear arms but the clergy; eſpecially if there is any thing in the ſize or appearance of ſoldiers, or even if arms require ſtrength to wield them. I often divert myſelf, at the window, with a prieſt begging of the country-people, as they come to market, for departed ſouls detained in purgatory: ſome beſtow an orange, ſome an onion, ſome a clove of garlic, and ſome, more generouſly, a turnip, — for which he gives in return an infallible benediction,

and

and then ſtaggers to his monaſtery under the load. The whore of Babylon refuſes nothing; and, of all concubines in the univerſe, ſhe is the worſt. I really believe I ſhall leave Portugal with a worſe opinion than Lord Tyrawly did. — He ſaid, he knew but two gentlemen in the kingdom: — the French ambaſſador, and Frier Auſtin of the Engliſh nunnery; — which are certainly two more than I have the happineſs to be acquainted with.

NUMBER XXV.

DUTY TO OURSELVES AND THE COMMUNITY.

The regular proſecution of an offender againſt the laws of the country is a duty we owe to ourſelves as well as

as the community. In ſuch caſes, lenity ceaſes to be a virtue. A ſtronger claim than delicacy of feeling calls for a ſpirited exertion upon theſe occaſions. The trouble and inconveniences which attend a proſecution ought to be chearfully ſubmitted to; and, though ſervices rendered our country, of this kind, are not attended with that eclat as thoſe where life is expoſed in her defence, yet they are a duty incumbent on every good citizen, and as deſerving of a civic crown. Juſtice, indeed, ſhould ever be tempered by moderation, and humanity ſhould always be exerted whenever prudence does not forbid.

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NUMBER XXVI.

Debt.

There is nothing more to be dreaded than debt: when a perſon, whoſe principles are good, unhappily falls into this ſituation, adieu to all peace and comfort. The reflection embitters every meal, and drives from the eye-lids refreſhing ſleep. It corrodes and cankers every chearful idea; and, like a ſtern Cerberus, guards each avenue to the heart, ſo that pleaſure dares not approach. Happy! thrice happy! are thoſe who are bleſt with an independent competence, and can confine their wants within the bounds of that competence, be it what it may. To ſuch alone the bread of life is palatable and nouriſhing. Sweet is the morſel that is acquired by an honeſt induſtry, the produce

produce of which is permanent, or that flows from a ſource which will not fail. A ſubſiſtence, that is precarious or procured by an uncertain proſpect of payment, carries neither wine nor oil with it. Let me, therefore, again repeat, that the perſon, who is deeply involved in dept, experiences on earth all the tortures the poets deſcribe to be the lot of the wretched inhabitants of Tartarus.

NUMBER XXVII.

Imprisonment.

Impriſonment, free from labour, is the moſt impolitic of all puniſhments. In priſon, the awe of the public eye is loſt, and the power of the law is

 ſpent;

ſpent; there—are no fears; there—are no bluſhes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himſelf as well as he can againſt his own ſenſibility, endeavours to practiſe on others the arts that are practiſed on himſelf, and gains the kindneſs of his aſſociates by ſimilitude of manners.

NUMBER XXVIII.

Experience.

By what ſtrange fatality is it, that, having examples before our eyes, we do not profit by them? Why is our experience, with regard to the misfortunes of others, of ſo little uſe? In a word, why is it that we are to learn wiſdom

wiſdom and prudence only at our own expence? Yet ſuch is the fate of man! Surrounded by misfortunes, we are ſupplied with means to eſcape them; but, blinded by caprice, prejudice, and pride, we neglect the proffered aid, and it is only by the tears we ſhed, in conſequence of our own errors, that we learn to deteſt them.

NUMBER XXIX.

Coxcombs.

People are never ridiculous from their real, but from their affected, characters; they cannot help being what they are, but they can help attempting to appear what they are not. I cannot be of the general opinion, that cox-

combs have firſt impoſed upon themſelves, and really think themſelves what they would have others think them: on the contrary, I am perſuaded that every man knows himſelf beſt, and is his own ſevereſt cenſor. There are as many ſpecies of coxcombs, as there are deſirable qualifications and accompliſhments in life; and it would be endleſs to give inſtances of every particular vanity and affectation, by which men either make themſelves ridiculous, or, at leaſt, depreciate the other qualities they really poſſeſs.

I look upon common ſenſe to be, to the mind, what conſcience is to the heart, the faithful and conſtant monitor of what is right and wrong: and, I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but againſt the manifeſt and ſenſible repreſentations of the one or the other.

NUMBER XXX.

FLAVIA.

How amiable may a woman be, what a comfort and delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations, her lover, or her huſband, in keeping ſtrictly within her character!

Women, while untainted by affectation, have a natural chearfulneſs of mind, tenderneſs, and benignity of heart, which juſtly endears them to us, either to animate our joys or ſoothe our ſorrows; but, how are they changed, and how ſhocking do they become, when the rage of ambition or the pride of learning agitates and ſwells thoſe breaſts, where only love, friendſhip, and tender care, ſhould dwell!

Let

Let Flavia be their model; who, though ſhe could ſupport any character, aſſumes none; never miſled by fancy or vanity, but guided ſingly by reaſon, whatever ſhe ſays or does is the manifeſt reſult of a happy nature and a good underſtanding: though ſhe knows whatever woman ought, and, it may be, more than they are required to know, ſhe conceals the ſuperiority ſhe has, with as much care as others take to diſplay the ſuperiority they have not. She conforms herſelf to the turn of the company ſhe is in: are they merry? ſhe is chearful; are they grave? ſhe is ſerious; are they abſurd? ſhe is ſilent.

Beauty has been the delight and torment of the world ever ſince it began. The philoſophers have felt its influence ſo ſenſibly, that almoſt every one of them has left us ſome ſaying or other which intimated that he too well knew the

the power of it. Yet, ſo it is, people can bear any quality in the world better than beauty. Woman's beauty, like man's wit, is generally fatal to the owners, unleſs directed by a judgement which ſeldom accompanies a great degree of either: Flavia's beauty ſeems but the proper and decent lodging for ſuch a mind: ſhe knows the true value of it; and, far from thinking that it authorizes impertinence and coquetry, it redoubles her care to avoid thoſe errors that are its uſual attendants. Thus, ſhe not only unites in herſelf all the advantages of body and mind, but even reconciles contradictions in others; for, ſhe is loved and eſteemed, though envied by all.

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NUMBER XXXI.

Duelling.

The cuſtom of duelling is moſt evidently the reſult of the paſſions of the many, and of the deſigns of a few; but here the definition ſtops; ſince, far from being the "ape of reaſon," it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifeſt offspring of barbarity and folly, a monſtrous birth, and diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſhocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents. Viewed on the criminal ſide, it excites horror; on the abſurd ſide, it is an inexhauſtible fund of ridicule. When honour is a ſupport to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged; but, when the dictates of honour are contrary

contrary to thoſe of religion and equity, they are the greateſt deprivations of human nature, by giving wrong, ambitious, and falſe, ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould, therefore, be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human ſociety.

NUMBER XXXII.

A QUESTION.

Who is free? The wiſe man, who has dominion over himſelf, whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains, affright: brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honours; ſo that nothing can retard him in his

level courſe; againſt whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually.

NUMBER XXXIII.

Lord Scarborough.

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be ſtrictly upon my guard againſt partiality. He had a very good perſon, rather above the middle ſize; a handſome face, and, when he was chearful, the moſt engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was oftenеſt, the moſt reſpectable one. He had, in the higheſt degree, the air, manners, and addreſs, of a man of quality, politeneſs with eaſe, and dignity without pride.

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In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none.

He was a ſtrong, but not an eloquent or florid, ſpeaker in parliament. He ſpoke ſo unaffectedly the honeſt dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and ſeldom wear, ornaments, ſeemed only to borrow his voice. This gave ſuch an aſtoniſhing weight to all he ſaid, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unſuſpected virtue, that it will ſome times ſhame vice into decency at leaſt.

He was a true conſtitutional and yet practicable patriot; a ſincere lover and a zealous aſſertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious, rights of his country. But he would not quarrel with the crown for ſome ſlight ſtretches

of the prerogative; nor with the people for ſome unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in ſpeculative points. He conſidered the conſtitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it ſhould preponderate too much.

His moral character was ſo pure, that, if any one may ſay of that imperfect creature, man, what a celebrated hiſtorian ſays of Scipio, *nil non laudandum, aut dixit, aut fecit, aut ſenſit*, I ſincerely think (I had almoſt ſaid I know) one might ſay it with great truth of him.

He joined, to the nobleſt and ſtricteſt principles of honour and generoſity, the tendereſt ſentiments of benevolence and compaſſion. He had not the leaſt pride of birth and rank, that common narrow

narrow notion of little minds, that wretched miſtaken *ſuccedaneum* of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deſerve a good one. And ſuch was his diffidence upon that ſubject, that he never could be perſuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did. For, ſurely, never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more univerſal eſteem. Even knaves reſpected him, and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for, I proteſt, I never knew one) they could only be ſuch as were weary of always hearing of Ariſtides the juſt.

NUMBER XXXIV.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

On the 24th day of March, 1773, died Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chrſterfield;

Cheſterfield; a nobleman unequalled in his time for variety of talents, brilliancy of wit, politeneſs, and elegance of converſation. At once a man of pleaſure and buſineſs; yet never ſuffering the former to encroach upon the latter. His embaſſy in Holland marks his ſkill, dexterity, and addreſs, as an able negociator. His adminiſtration in Ireland, where his name is ſtill revered by all ranks and orders of men, indicates his integrity, vigilance, and ſound policy, as a ſtateſman. His ſpeeches in parliament fix his reputation as a diſtinguiſhed orator, in a refined and uncommon ſpecies of eloquence. His conduct, in public life, was upright, conſcientious, and ſteady: in private, friendly and affectionate: in both, pleaſant, amiable, and conciliating. Theſe were his excellences;—let thoſe who ſurpaſs him ſpeak of his defects.

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NUMBER XXXV.

PRIDE, VANITY, AND AFFECTATION.

Pride and vanity, the vices oppoſite to humility, are the ſources of almoſt all the worſt faults both of men and women. Pride is a high opinion of one's ſelf, and an affected contempt for others: I ſay *affected*, for it is not real. Pride, though a diſtinct paſſion, is ſeldom unaccompanied by vanity, which is an extravagant deſire of admiration.

There are many *vain* perſons who are not proud: though they deſire to be admired, they do not always admire themſelves; but, as timid minds are apt to deſpair of thoſe things they earneſtly wiſh for, ſo you will often ſee the woman, who is moſt anxious to be thought

thought handſome, moſt inclined to be diſſatisfied with her looks, and to think all the aſſiſtance of art too little to attain the end deſired. To this cauſe we may generally attribute affectation; which ſeems to imply a mean opinion of one's own real form or character, while we ſtrive againſt nature to alter ourſelves by ridiculous contortions of body, or by feigned ſentiments and unnatural manners. There is no art ſo mean, which this mean paſſion will not deſcend to for its gratification; no creature ſo inſignificant, whoſe incenſe it will not gladly receive.

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NUMBER XXXVI.

Ridiculous Mistakes with Regard to our own Characters.

There is nothing more common than to ſee people fall into the moſt ridiculous miſtakes with regard to their own characters; but I can by no means allow ſuch miſtakes to be unavoidable, and, therefore, innocent. They aroſe from voluntary inſincerity; and are continued for want of that ſtrict honeſty towards ourſelves and others, which the Scripture calls "ſingleneſs of heart," and which, in modern language, is termed *ſimplicity*; — the moſt enchanting of all qualities, eſteemed and beloved in proportion to its rareneſs.

There is nothing in which ſelf-deception is more notorious than in what regards ſentiment and feeling. Let a

vain young woman be told that tenderneſs, and ſoftneſs, is the peculiar charm of the ſex;—that even their weakneſs is lovely, and their fears becoming;—and you will preſently obſerve her grow ſo tender as to be ready to weep for a fly; ſo fearful, that ſhe ſtarts at a feather; and ſo weak-hearted, that the ſmalleſt accident quite overpowers her. Her fondneſs and affection becomes fulſome and ridiculous; her compaſſion grows contemptible weakneſs; and her apprehenſiveneſs the moſt abject cowardice: for, when once ſhe quits the direction of nature, ſhe knows not where to ſtop, and continually expoſes herſelf by the moſt abſurd extremes.

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NUMBER XXXVII.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

To know one's ſelf, one would think, could be no very difficult leſſon;—for, who, you will ſay, can be truly ignorant of himſelf and the true diſpoſition of his own heart? If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a ſtranger to what paſſes there;—he muſt be conſcious of his own thoughts and deſires, he muſt remember his paſt purſuits, and the true ſprings and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life: he may hang out falſe colours and deceive the world; but how can a man deceive himſelf? That a man can is evident, becauſe he daily does ſo. Though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and conſequently qualified to know the moſt of him-

ſelf, yet ſo it happens, that he generally knows the leaſt. Of all the many revengeful, covetous, falſe, and ill-natured, perſons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry againſt them, what man amongſt us ſingles out himſelf as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? What other man ſpeaks ſo often and ſo vehemently againſt the vice of pride, ſets the weakneſs of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himſelf? It is the ſame with the paſſionate, the deſigning, the ambitious, and ſome other common characters in life. Moſt of us are aware of, and pretend to deteſt, the bare-faced inſtances of that hypocriſy by which men deceive others; but few of us are upon our guard, or ſee that more fatal hypocriſy, by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts.

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NUMBER XXXVIII.

ENQUIRY AFTER WHAT IS TRUE AND FITTING.

My ſtudy and inquiry is after what is true and fitting, and I am wholly engaged in this. I lay up, and collect rules which I may be able hereafter to draw out into action. As the night ſeems long to thoſe with whom a miſtreſs has broke her appointment, and the day ſeems long to thoſe who owe their labour; as the year moves ſlow with minors; ſo all the time to me flows tedious and diſtaſteful, which delays my hope and deſign of ſtrenuouſly executing that which is of equal benefit to the poor and to the rich, which neglected will be of equal detriment to the young and old.

There

There is ſome point in *philoſophy* we may advance to, if we can no farther. Does your heart burn with avarice, and a wretched deſire of more? words there are, and charms, with which you may mitigate this pain, and rid yourſelf of a great part of the diſtemper. Do you ſwell with the love of praiſe? There are certain purgations which can reſtore you; a certain treatiſe being peruſed thrice with purity of mind. The envious, choleric, indolent, the ſlave to wine, to women; none is ſo ſavage that he cannot be tamed, if he will only lend a patient ear to diſcipline.

Silver is leſs valuable than gold, gold than virtue. Let this be a man's brazen wall: to be conſcious of no ill, to turn pale with no guilt.

Money is ſought for. To what end? He that has got a competency, let him wiſh for no more. Not a houſe, and farm,

farm, nor a heap of ſilver and gold, can remove fevers from the body of their ſick maſter, or cares from his mind. The poſſeſſor muſt be well if he thinks of enjoying the things he has heaped together. Unleſs the veſſel is ſweet, whatever you pour into it turns ſour. Deſpiſe pleaſures; pleaſure, bought with pain, is hurtful. The covetous man is ever in want. Set a certain limit to your wiſhes. The envious perſon waſtes at the thriving condition of another. Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than envy. He, that will not curb his paſſion, will wiſh that undone which his *wild* grief and reſentment prompted him to. Rage is a ſhort madneſs. Rule your paſſion; which commands if it does not obey: do you reſtrain it with a bridle, reſtrain it with fetters, rather than ſuffer it to run away with you.

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NUMBER XXXIX.

MALICIOUS DISPOSITION OF MANKIND.

As the malicious diſpoſition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleaſure which they take in deſtroying the reputation of others, the uſe we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach; for, bad as the world is, it ſeldom falls on any man who hath not given ſome cauſes for cenſure, though this, perhaps, is often aggravated ten thouſand fold; and, when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occaſion.

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NUMBER XL.

Taking Leave of Friends.

There is nothing more fooliſh than for friends to take leave of each other. It is true, indeed, in the common acquaintance and friendſhip of the world, this is a very harmleſs ceremony; but, between two perſons, who really love each other, the church of Rome never inflicted a penance half ſo ſevere as this which we abſurdly impoſe upon ourſelves.

NUMBER XLI.

Advice to young Men.

However the grave, or, rather, hypocritical, part of mankind may cenſure it, I am firmly perſuaded that to with-

draw admiration from exquiſite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impoſſible as to feel no warmth from the moſt ſcorching rays of the ſun. To run away is all that is in our power; and yet, in the former caſe, if it muſt be allowed we have the power of running away, it muſt be allowed alſo that it requires the ſtrongeſt reſolution to execute it; for, when, as Dryden ſays,

All Paradiſe is open'd in a face,

how natural is the deſire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely proſpect! and yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is abſolutely neceſſary, and that immediately too: flatter not yourſelves that fire will not ſcorch as well as warm; and the longer we ſtay within its reach the more we ſhall burn. The admiration of a beautiful woman, though

the wife of our deareſt friend, may at firſt, perhaps, be innocent; but let us not flatter ourſelves it will always remain ſo: deſire is ſure to ſucceed; and wiſhes, hopes, deſigns, with a long train of miſchiefs, tread cloſe at our heels.

Of all paſſions, there is none againſt which we ſhould ſo ſtrongly fortify ourſelves as this, which is generally called love; for, no other lays before us, eſpecially in the tumultuous days of youth, ſuch ſweet, ſuch ſtrong, and almoſt irreſiſtible, temptations; none hath produced, in private life, ſuch fatal and lamentable tragedies; and, what is worſt of all, there is none to whoſe poiſon and infatuation the beſt of minds are ſo liable. Ambition ſcarce ever produces any evil, but when it reigns in cruel and ſavage boſoms; and avarice ſeldom flouriſhes at all but

in the baſeſt and pooreſt ſoil. Love, on the contrary, ſprouts uſually up in the richeſt and nobleſt minds; but there, unleſs nicely watched, pruned, cultivated, and carefully kept clear of thoſe vicious weeds which are too apt to ſurround it, it branches forth into wildneſs and diſorder, produces nothing deſirable, but choaks up and kills whatever is good and noble in the mind where it ſo abounds.

NUMBER XLII.

Innocence.

My worthy reader, conſole thyſelf, that, however few of the other good things of life are thy lot, the beſt of all

all things, which is thy innocence, is always within thy own power; and, though fortune may often make thee unhappy, ſhe can never make thee completely and irreparably miſerable without thy own conſent.

No acquiſitions of guilt can compenſate the loſs of that ſolid inward comfort of mind which is the ſure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the leaſt balance the evil of that horror and anxiety, which, in their room, guilt introduces into our boſoms.

NUMBER XLIII.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude never ſo thoroughly pierces the human breaſt as when it proceeds

ceeds from thoſe in whoſe behalf we have been guilty of tranſgreſſions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by thoſe in whoſe favour they are performed, always adminiſter ſome comfort to us; but what conſolation ſhall we receive under ſo biting a calamity as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conſcience at the ſame time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having ſpotted it in the ſervice of one ſo worthleſs.

NUMBER XLIV.

NEGLECT AND MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Neglect and miſunderſtandings create more trouble and uneaſineſs than diſhoneſty

honeſty and malice; and they are, indeed, much more frequent alſo.

NUMBER XLV.

NATURE ABOVE ART.

You know my way of chooſing a little favourite ſpot; how I make my arrangements, and ſettle myſelf in it. I have found one here which entirely ſuits me.

About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is very agreeably ſituated on the ſide of a hill: from one of the paths, which lead out of the village, you have a view of the whole country; and there is a good old woman who ſells wine, coffee, and tea, there: but better than all this are two lime-

lime-trees before the church, which ſpread their branches over a little green, ſurrounded by barns and cottages. I have ſeen few places more retired and peaceful. I ſend for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there I drink my coffee and read Homer. It was by accident that I diſcovered this place one fine afternoon: all was perfect ſtillneſs; every body was in the fields, except a little boy about four years old, who was ſitting on the ground, and holding between his knees a child of about ſix months; he preſſed it to his boſom with his little arms, which made a ſort of great chair for it; and, notwithſtanding the vivacity which ſparkled in his black eyes, he ſat perfectly ſtill. Quite delighted with the ſcene, I ſat down on a plow oppoſite, and had great pleaſure in drawing this little picture of brotherly tenderneſs. I added a bit of the hedge, the barn-

door,

door, and ſome broken cart-wheels, without any order, juſt as they happened to lie; and, in about an hour, I found I had made a drawing of great expreſſion, and very correct deſign, without having put in any thing of my own. This confirmed me in the reſolution I had before made, only to copy nature for the future. Nature is inexhauſtible, and alone forms the greateſt maſters. What is alleged in favour of rules is nearly the ſame as what is ſaid in favour of the laws of ſociety, an artiſt, formed upon them will never produce any thing abſolutely bad or diſguſting; as a man who obeys the laws, and obſerves decorum, can never be a decided villain, or a very intolerable neighbour. But yet, ſay what you will of rules, they alter the true features and the natural expreſſion. You will tell me that they only lop off ſuperfluous branches, and

prevent the extravagant. Let us compare talents to love, my dear friend. Let us ſuppoſe a man attached to a young woman, dedicating to her every hour of the day, wearing his health, laviſhing his fortune, to convince her each moment he is entirely devoted to her: then comes a man, of cold and correct underſtanding; a man, who acts, perhaps, in a public character; and this very reſpectable perſon ſays to him, "My young friend, love is a natural "paſſion, but it ſhould be kept within "due bounds: make a proper diviſion "of your time; give ſome to your "miſtreſs, reſerve the reſt for buſineſs; "calculate your income, and, out of "the ſuperfluity, make preſents to her, "but that only from time to time, on "her birth-day or ſuch like occaſions." If the young man takes this advice, he may be a very uſeful member of ſociety, extremely ſerviceable to his prince;

prince; but, as to his love, it is annihilated; and, if he is an artiſt, his genius is fled. Oh! my friend, the torrent of genius would not be ſo confined in its courſe, its impetuous waves would riſe and aſtoniſh us, but that cold and narrow-minded men have taken poſſeſſion of the two ſhores; they have built houſes and planted gardens on its banks; they tremble for their little habitations, and dig trenches, and raiſe dams, to prevent the danger which threatens them.

NUMBER XLVI.

Death.

When misfortunes befal our friends, we are juſtly grieved; for, thoſe are ac-

cidents which might often have been avoided, and which may ſeem to render the lot of one man more peculiarly unhappy than that of others; but death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common lot in which alone the fortunes of all men agree: nor is the time when this happens to us very material. If the wiſeſt of men hath compared life to a ſpan, ſurely we may be allowed to conſider it as a day. It is my fate to leave it in the evening; but thoſe, who are taken away earlier, have only loſt a few hours, at the beſt little worth lamenting, and much oftner hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and ſorrow. One of the Roman poets, I remember, likens our leaving life to our departure from a feaſt. A thought which hath often occurred to me, when I have ſeen men ſtruggling to protract an entertainment and to enjoy the company of their friends a few moments longer.

Alas!

Alas! how ſhort is the moſt protracted of ſuch enjoyments! how immaterial the difference between him who retires ſooneſt and him who ſtays the lateſt! This is ſeeing life in the beſt view; and this unwillingneſs to quit our friends is the moſt amiable motive from which we can derive the fear of death: and yet the longeſt enjoyment which we can hope for, of this kind, is of ſo trivial a duration, that it is, to a wiſe man, truly contemptible. Few men, I own, think in this manner; for, indeed, few men think of death till they are in its jaws. However gigantic and terrible an object this may appear when it approaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable of ſeeing it at any diſtance; nay, though they have been ever ſo much alarmed and frightened when they have apprehended themſelves in danger of dying, they were no ſooner cleared from this apprehenſion than even

even the fears of it are eraſed from their minds. But, alas! he, who eſcapes from death, is not pardoned, he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a ſhort day.

NUMBER XLVII.

Wisdom.

True wiſdom, notwithſtanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have written againſt riches, and in ſpite of all which any rich, well-fed, divine may have preached againſt pleaſure, conſiſts not in the contempt of either of theſe. A man may have as much wiſdom in the poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune as any beggar in the ſtreets; or may enjoy a handſome wife or a hearty

hearty friend, and ſtill remain as wiſe as any ſour popiſh recluſe.

To ſay truth, the wiſeſt man is the likelieſt to poſſeſs all worldly bleſſings in an eminent degree; for, as that moderation which wiſdom preſcribes is the ſureſt way to uſeful wealth, ſo can it alone qualify us to taſte many pleaſures. The wiſe man gratifies every appetite and every paſſion, while the fool ſacrifices all the reſt to pall and ſatiate one. It may be objected, that very wiſe men have been notoriouſly avaricious: I anſwer, not wiſe in that inſtance. It may likewiſe be ſaid, that the wiſeſt men have been in their youth immoderately fond of pleaſure: I anſwer, they were not wiſe then.

Wiſdom, in ſhort, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn by thoſe who never were at her ſchool, only

only teaches us to extend a ſimple maxim univerſally known and followed, even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it; and this is, not to buy at too dear a price. Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleaſure, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wiſe man, and muſt be ſo acknowledged, in the worldly ſenſe of the word: for, he makes the beſt of bargains; ſince, in reality, he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himſelf.

From this moderation, likewiſe, he learns two other leſſons, which complete his character. Firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.

NUMBER XLVIII.

Advice to young Men.

My young friends, carry with you into the world a ſpirit of independence, and a proper reſpect for yourſelves. Theſe are the guardians of virtue. No man can truſt to others for his ſupport, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant deſires and ill-founded hopes pave the way for diſap-

 pointment,

pointment, and diſpoſe us to cover our own errors with the unjuſt accuſation of others. Society is ſupported by a reciprocation of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity will give, juſtice cannot demand, a favour, without a recompence. Warm and generous friendſhips are ſometimes, nay, I hope often, formed in the world; but, in thoſe changes and viciſſitudes in life which open new views, and form new connections, the old ones are apt to be weakened and forgotten. Family and domeſtic friendſhips, will, I apprehend, generally be found the moſt laſting and ſincere; and, therefore, ought not to be weakened by any conſiderations whatſoever.

NUM-

NUMBER XLIX.

Death of Maria.

The conſideration of death has been always made uſe of by the moraliſt and the divine as a powerful incentive to virtue and piety. From the uncertainty of life they have endeavoured to ſink the eſtimation of its pleaſures; and, if they could not ſtrip the ſeductions of vice of their preſent enjoyment, at leaſt to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a ſimilar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and perſuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have adviſed us to pluck the roſes which would otherwiſe ſoon wither of themſelves, to ſeize the moments which we could not long command, and ſince

time was unavoidably fleeting to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of theſe perſuaſions, whether of the moral or of the licentious, the ſevere or the gay, have the effects, I believe, been great. Life muſt neceſſarily conſiſt of active ſcenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leiſure of meditation, and the influence of thought; and, though neither the ſituation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity, or death, a conſtant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may ſurely ſometimes, not unſeaſonably, preſs upon our imagination; even, excluſive of their moral or religious uſe, there is a ſympathetic enjoyment, which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, "to "go to the houſe of mourning than "to the houſe of feaſting."

Perhaps

Perhaps I felt it ſo, when, but a few days ſince, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doted on her, of a family by whom ſhe was adored.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural diſpoſition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive, had done the fulleſt juſtice. To accompliſh her perſon, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been uſed; and they had been attended with that ſucceſs which they commonly meet with when not prevented by miſtaken fondneſs or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration, none ever felt it leſs: ſhe died, when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues,

tues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by ſuch private and domeſtic diſtreſſes that the ſofter emotions of the heart are moſt ſtrongly excited. The eminently great, or extenſively uſeful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views and diſappointed expectations, by which the diſtreſs is complicated beyond the ſimplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to ſhed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father and the childhood of her ſiſters, preſents to us a little view of family-affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel.

The laſt time I ſaw Maria was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the gracefulneſs of her motion,

tion, and the native dignity of her mien; yet, ſo tempered was that ſuperiority, which they conferred, with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalſhip of beauty or the envy of homelineſs. From that ſcene the tranſition was ſo violent to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my ſenſes: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living ſtill.

I was ſoon, however, recalled to the ſad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the ſilent ſuffering compoſure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants; theſe gave me back the truth, and reminded me I ſhould ſee her no more; but, when her father dropped the cord with which he

he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its ſound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but a moment. — He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtants who were throwing the earth into it; then, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful, but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; caſt on this world a glance rather of pity than enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope! Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking.

NUM-

NUMBER L.

Old Age.

" Life," ſays Sir William Temple, " is like wine; who would drink it " pure muſt not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confeſs, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly eſtimated as one of its chief bleſſings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-ſpent life, in which he finds nothing to regret and nothing to be aſhamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his exiſtence, is one of the moſt venerable and reſpectable of all objects. The idea, that he is ſoon to quit the buſy ſcenes of

life, throws a tenderneſs around him ſimilar to what we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time. There is, however, ſomething wonderfully unpleaſant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the neceſſary conſequence of extreme old age. To thoſe around them, particularly to thoſe with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility, which almoſt always attends perſons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the moſt affecting ſpectacles that can well be conceived. It is a ſituation truly intereſting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakneſs of age, it diſpoſes us, by every attention, by every mark of obſervance, to ſmooth the ſteps of the aged, and to remove, as much as poſſible, thoſe clouds that hang on the evening of life.

NUM-

NUMBER LI.

AFFABILITY.

Such charms are there in affability, that it is ſure to attract the praiſes of all kinds of people. It is equally ſure to ſet off every perfection to the higheſt advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect.

NUMBER LII.

LOVE.

There is an impatience in love which ariſes from that natural weakneſs of the human mind which makes it deſirous

to know the worſt, and renders uncertainty the moſt intolerable of pains. Yet, of all the powers exerciſed by this paſſion over our minds, one of the moſt wonderful is, that of ſupporting hope in the midſt of deſpair: it is equally true, that the ſame paſſion will ſometimes make mountains of mole-hills, and produce deſpair in the midſt of hope.

It is certainly a vulgar error, that averſion in a woman may be conquered by perſeverance. Indifference may, perhaps, ſometimes yield to it; but the uſual triumphs, gained by perſeverance in a lover, are over caprice, imprudence, affectation, and often an exorbitant degree of levity, which excites women, not over warm in their conſtitutions, to indulge their vanity by prolonging the time of courtſhip, even when they are well enough pleaſed with the object,

ject, and reſolve (if they ever reſolve at all) to make him a very pitiful amends in the end. But a fixed diſlike will rather gain ſtrength than be conquered by time.

To admire, to like, and long for the poſſeſſion of, a beautiful woman, without any regard to her ſentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural; but love, I believe, is the child of love only; at leaſt, I am pretty confident, that, to love the creature we are ſure hates us, is not in human nature. We are then only inſpired with true love when we prefer the felicity of the object of our inclinations to our own.

Love! exquiſite deluſion! captivating error! from the moment the lips find pleaſure in that word, till they loſe the power of pronouncing it, the charm, the inconceivable charm, remains.

mains. Whether cheriſhed by the ſunbeams of hope or chilled by the dews of diſappointment, — whether the choſen object is faithful or unfaithful, — glowing with animation before our eyes or ſeared up in the dark and ſilent grave; the paſſion, the powerful paſſion, aſſerts its eternal influence, and decides the character where it once has reigned. Love, like the enwrithed ſerpent, only compreſſes the heart more cloſely for every effort we make to ſhake it off.

Love is a continual tranſport and movement of the will towards the beloved object which never leaves him, ſleeping nor waking. Thoſe, who love paſſionately, are no longer themſelves, but a kind of other ſelf of the perſon they love: they are entirely deprived of all humours, all opinions, all wiſhes, but ſuch as are inſpired by, and conformable

formable to, thoſe of the beloved. Love gives us the moſt exquiſite pleaſures and the ſevereſt torments: he never bleſſes nor curſes but in exceſs. Love is to the ſoul what the ſun is to the world; for, as without light we can ſee nothing of the beauties of nature, ſo without love we can partake of none of its refined delights. Love has power to charm away all the misfortunes of life: whoever is ſucceſsful in that paſſion finds nothing worthy of giving him diſquiet.

NUMBER LIII.

BLUNDERING.

It is often ſafer to abide by the conſequences of the firſt blunder than to endeavour

endeavour to rectify it; for, by ſuch endeavours, we generally plunge ourſelves deeper inſtead of extricating ourſelves.

NUMBER LIV.

Ridiculous Vanity.

There are ſome fine women (for I dare not ſpeak in too general terms) with whom ſelf is ſo predominant, that they never detach it from any ſubject; and, as vanity is with them a ruling principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever praiſe they meet with; and, though the property of others, convey it to their own uſe. In the company of theſe ladies it is impoſſible to ſay

ſay any thing handſome of another woman, which they will not apply to themſelves; nay, they often improve the praiſe they ſeize; as, for inſtance, if her beauty, her wit, her gentility, her good-humour, deſerves ſo much commendation, what do *I* deſerve, who poſſeſs thoſe qualities in ſo much more eminent a degree?

To theſe ladies a man often recommends himſelf while he is commending another woman; and, while he is expreſſing ardour and generous ſentiments for his miſtreſs, they are conſidering what a charming lover this man would make to them who can feel all this tenderneſs for an inferior degree of merit. Of this, ſtrange as it may ſeem, I have ſeen many inſtances.

NUMBER LV.

EUCRATIA

Has not only the concurrent opinion of all who know her, but my own obſervation aſſures me, that ſhe will be an ineſtimable treaſure to a good huſband. I ſhall ſay nothing of her perſonal qualifications, which certainly are admirable; her good-nature, her charitable diſpoſition, her modeſty, are too well-known to need any panegyric: ſhe hath one quality in a high degree, which, as it is not of a glaring kind, more commonly eſcapes obſervation; ſo little, indeed, is it remarked, that I want a word to expreſs it. I muſt uſe negatives on this occaſion. I never heard any thing of pertneſs, or what is called repartee, out of her mouth;

mouth; no pretence to wit, much leſs to that kind of wiſdom which is the reſult only of great learning and experience; the affectation of which, in a young woman, is as abſurd as any of the affectations of an ape. No dictatorial ſentiments, no judicial opinions, no profound criticiſms. Whenever I have ſeen her in the company of men ſhe hath been all attention, with the modeſty of a learner, not the forwardneſs of a teacher. She is all over woman, kindneſs is all her art, and beauty all her arms. Her look, her voice, her geſture, and whole behaviour, is truly feminine. A goodneſs, mixed with fear, gives a tincture to all ſhe ſays or does. It would be ſavage to offend her, and cruelty to uſe art to gain her. Others are beautiful; but, *Eucratia*, thou art Beauty!

NUMBER LVI.

EUGENE.

Eugene was the younger ſon of an ancient family, and had every part of education, both at home and abroad, that could enable him to enter upon the ſtage of life with advantage. But Eugene's natural parts outſtripped the cares of his tutors; he ſeemed to comprehend things by intuition rather than inſtruction; he was learned without ſtudy; he was ſenſible without art; and witty without pertneſs. He underſtood thoroughly, though he ſeemed to read ſuperficially, becauſe his diſcernment was ſo juſt, that, in all authors, he knew how to extract what was beautiful from what was indifferent, and to ſeparate utility from impertinence. His taſte was equal to his learning,

learning, and he had a full command of language. His knowledge of mankind was equal to his knowledge of books. When he pleaſed, the charms of his converſation were irreſiſtible; his diſcernment was not impoſed upon; and he underſtood, to great perfection, the weakneſs of human nature.

But, with all thoſe excellences, Eugene was the dupe of his own accompliſhments. He was addicted, naturally, neither to gaming nor any intemperance; yet he had a propenſity to pleaſure, ſo violent, that he neglected all application to buſineſs; and his patrimony was exhauſted, without any means of recruiting it. Though his heart was good, yet his indolence was attended with the ſame effects as if he had been the worſt of men. With half the pains which he took to make himſelf admired by thoſe, whoſe company

pany diſgraced his reputation and could never ſerve his intereſt, he could have been uſeful to himſelf, an honour to his family, and an ornament to his friends, if his frequent imprudences in life had left him any. When he was impoſed upon, it was not through a want of diſcernment to ſee the cheat, but becauſe it would have coſt him too much trouble to detect it. When he impoſed upon others, it was with no deſign to harm them, but to keep himſelf indolent. He was always willing to purchaſe a moment of preſent eaſe with a month of future diſquiet; and never thought how to avoid a misfortune till it trod cloſe at his heels.

NUM-

NUMBER LVII.

PLEASURE.

Pleaſure, when it is a man's chief purpoſe, diſappoints itſelf; and the conſtant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the ſenſe of our own inability for what we wiſh, with a diſreliſh of every thing elſe. Thus, the intermediate ſeaſons of the man of pleaſure are more heavy than one would impoſe upon the vileſt criminal. He is an utter ſtranger to the pleaſing reflections in the evening of a well-ſpent day, or the gladneſs of heart or quickneſs of ſpirit, in the morning, after profound ſleep or indolent ſlumbers. He is not to be at eaſe any longer than he can keep reaſon and good ſenſe without his curtains. Pleaſure ſeizes the whole man who addicts

dicts himſelf to it, and will not give him leiſure for any good office in life which contradicts the gaiety of the preſent hour. You may, indeed, obſerve, in people of pleaſure, a certain complacency and abſence of all ſeverity, which the habit of a looſe unconcerned life gives them; but, tell the man of pleaſure your ſecret wants, cares, or ſorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his paſſions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loſes for the diſappointing gratifications which he purſues.

NUMBER LVIII.

Conscience.

A good conſcience is never lawleſs in the worſt-regulated ſtate, and will provide

vide thoſe laws for itſelf, which the neglect of the legiſlators hath forgotten to ſupply.

NUMBER LIX.

Envy.

The firmneſs and conſtancy of a true friend is a circumſtance ſo extremely delightful to perſons in any kind of diſtreſs, that the diſtreſs itſelf, if it be only temporary, and admits of relief, is more than compenſated by bringing this comfort with it. Nor are inſtances of this kind ſo rare as ſome ſuperficial and inaccurate obſervers have reported. To ſay the truth, want of compaſſion

is not to be numbered among our general faults. The black ingredient which fouls our diſpoſition is envy. Hence our eye is ſeldom, I am afraid, turned upward to thoſe who are manifeſtly greater, better, wiſer, or happier, than ourſelves, without ſome degree of malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the mean and miſerable with ſufficient benevolence and pity. In fact, I have remarked, that moſt of the defects which have diſcovered themſelves in the friendſhips within my obſervation, have ariſen from envy only; a helliſh vice; and yet one from which I have known very few abſolutely exempt.

The envious man is in pain upon all occaſions which ought to give him pleaſure. The reliſh of his life is inverted; and the objects, which adminiſter the higheſt ſatisfaction to thoſe who are exempt

exempt from this paſſion, give the quickeſt pangs to perſons who are ſubject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious: Youth, beauty, valour, and wiſdom, are provocations of their diſpleaſure. What a wretched and apoſtate ſtate is this! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man becauſe we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or ſucceſs, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot againſt his quiet, by ſtudying their own happineſs and advantage.

Envy is the root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! all other vices carry ſomething of pleaſure with them, but envy is attended with nothing but diſtaſte, rancour, and rage.

NUMBER LX.

Advantages of the Gospel.

I have ſomewhere read, that the great uſe of philoſophy is to learn to die. I will not, therefore, ſo far diſgrace mine, as to ſhew any ſurpriſe at receiving a leſſon which I muſt be thought to have ſo long ſtudied. Yet, to ſay the truth, one page of the goſpel teaches this leſſon better than all the volumes of antient or modern philoſophers. The aſſurance it gives us of another life is a much ſtronger ſupport to a good mind than all the conſolations that are drawn from the neceſſity of nature, the emptineſs or ſatiety of our enjoyments here, or any other topic of thoſe declamations which are ſometimes capable of arming our minds with a ſtubborn patience in bear-

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ing the thoughts of death; but never of raiſing them to a real contempt of it, and much leſs of making us think it is a real good. I would not be here underſtood to throw the horrid cenſure of atheiſm, or even the abſolute denial of immortality, on all who are called philoſophers, many of that ſect, as well antient as modern, have, from the light of reaſon, diſcovered ſome hope of a future ſtate; but, in reality, that light was ſo faint and glimmering, and the hopes were ſo uncertain and precarious, that it may be juſtly doubted on which ſide their belief turned. Plato himſelf concludes his Phædon with declaring, that his beſt arguments amount only to raiſe a probability; and Cicero himſelf ſeems rather to profeſs an inclination to believe, than any actual belief in, the doctrines of immortality. As to myſelf, to be very ſincere with you,

I never was much in earneſt in this faith, till I was in earneſt a chriſtian.

NUMBER LXI.

IMPRUDENCE OPPOSED TO VILLANY.

Prudence is a duty which we owe to ourſelves; and if we will be ſo much our own enemies as to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the world is deficient in diſcharging their duty to us; for, when a man lays the foundation of his own ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to build upon it.

There is a great difference between thoſe faults which candour may conſtrue into imprudence, and thoſe which can

can be deduced from villany only. The former, perhaps, are even more apt to ſubject a worthy man; but, if he reform, his character will, at length, be totally retrieved; the world, though not immediately, will in time be reconciled to him; and he may reflect, not without ſome mixture of pleaſure, on the dangers he has eſcaped; but villany, when once diſcovered, is irretrievable; the ſtains, which this leaves behind, no time will waſh away. The cenſures of mankind will purſue the wretch; their ſcorn will abaſh him in public; and, if ſhame drives him into retirement, he will go to it with all thoſe terrors with which a weary child, who is afraid of hobgoblins, retreats from company to go to bed alone. Here his murdered conſcience will haunt him. Repoſe, like a falſe friend, will fly from him. Wherever he turns his eyes, horror preſents itſelf; if he looks

looks backward, unavoidable repentance treads on his heels, if forward, incurable deſpair ſtares him in the face, till, like a condemned priſoner confined in a dungeon, he deteſts his preſent condition, and yet dreads the conſequences of that hour which is to relieve him from it.

NUMBER LXII.

NECESSITY OF ACCOMMODATING OURSELVES TO THE FASHION OF THE TIMES.

It is the buſineſs of every man to accommodate himſelf to the faſhion of the times; which, if he neglects, he muſt not be ſurpriſed if the greateſt parts and abilities

abilities are totally diſregarded. If Socrates himſelf were to go to court in an antique dreſs, he would be neglected, or, perhaps, ridiculed; or, if old Hippocrates were to viſit the college of phyſicians, and there talk the language of his aphoriſms, he would be deſpiſed.

NUMBER LXIII.

REPENTANCE POSSIBLE AMONG THE MOST ABANDONED.

It has been often obſerved, by thoſe converſant with human nature, that there is not a character in the world, even the moſt abandoned, that is utterly deſtitute of every principle of virtue, as there is none ſo pure and un-

ſpotted without ſome alloy of vice. It has alſo been juſtly obſerved, that, although the perſon who has been long hackneyed in the ways of iniquity moſt commonly falls a victim to injured laws; yet it has been found by experience that repentance has taken place in ſome inſtances after all hopes of it were loſt. Trifling incidents ſometimes are inſtrumental in awaking the hearts of the moſt abandoned.

NUMBER LXIV.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is the nurſe of enjoyment. It is that which preſerves the gradations towards happineſs, and the exerciſe of the human faculties. The circle

circle of pleaſure is narrow, and ſoon traverſed; the objects of deſire are various, and ſeldom to be exhauſted. The human mind may, by continual habit, become inſenſible to delight, as the labouring hand grows callous through toil.

NUMBER LXV.

Folly of Mankind.

How whimſical is the machine of man! How tender are the ſprings that impel or diſorder his firmeſt reſolves! and what humiliating leſſons might he learn, could he, with right diſpoſitions, look into the book of his own nature; which he ſeldom touches, becauſe it al-

ways lies open before him! The page on which he throws his eye is ſtuffed with flattery, with the pompous deceit of unavailing poſſeſſions, or abuſed accompliſhments. He cares not to turn the leaf where the all-wiſe Author deſcribes him as he is. Thus he dwells upon what he appears to be, and leaves the inſtructive page to be peruſed by others, who thereby get into the knowledge of his follies, his vices, and his vanities, which are ſecrets to none but himſelf.

NUMBER LXVI.

Difference between Solitude and Retirement.

There is a difference between retirement and ſolitude. The firſt may be ſocial,

ſocial, and filled up with all the endearments of life; the other can ſcarcely be ſo. We carry with us into retirement the affections of nature; but we drop them in ſolitude. In the one caſe, we fly from the incumbrances; in the other, from the delights of ſociety.

NUMBER LXVII.

VANITY.

Vanity is the predominant folly of women, and to that weakneſs may be aſcribed almoſt all the irregularities they run into, which often prove their ruin; whilſt thoſe accompliſhments, which they enjoy from nature, improperly directed, ſerve rather to promote their miſery than happineſs.

Vanity

Vanity hardly ever fails to deceive thoſe in whoſe minds ſhe once gains entrance.

O Vanity! how little is thy power acknowledged, or thy operations diſcerned! How wantonly doſt thou deceive mankind under different diſguiſes! Sometimes thou doſt wear the face of pity, ſometimes of generoſity: nay, thou haſt the aſſurance even to put on thoſe glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious deformed monſter! whom prieſts have railed at, philoſophers deſpiſed, and poets ridiculed! Is there a wretch ſo abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public? yet how few will refuſe to enjoy thee in private! Nay, thou art the purſuit of moſt men through their lives. The greateſt villanies are daily practiſed to pleaſe thee; nor

nor is the meaneſt thief below, or the greateſt hero above, thy notice.

NUMBER LXVIII.

A Coquette.

Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their uſefulneſs, I know few animals that would not take place of a Coquette; nor, indeed, hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond inſtinct; for, though ſometimes we might imagine it was animated by the paſſion of vanity, yet far the greateſt part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive. Indeed, its characteriſtic is affectation; and this led and governed by

by whim only: for, as beauty, wiſdom, wit, good-nature, politeneſs, and health, are ſometimes affected by this creature, ſo are uglineſs, folly, nonſenſe, ill-nature, ill-breeding, and ſickneſs, likewiſe put on by it in their turn. Its life is one conſtant lie; and the only rule by which you can form any judgement of them is, that they are never what they ſeem.

NUMBER LXIX.

Riches.

I have often been ſurpriſed when I conſider the value which mankind in general ſet on riches, ſince every day's experience ſhews us how little is in their power; for what, indeed, truly deſirable

rable can they beſtow on us? Can they give beauty to the deformed, ſtrength to the weak, or health to the infirm? Do not riches bring us ſolicitude inſtead of reſt, envy inſtead of affection, and danger inſtead of ſafety? Can they prolong their own poſſeſſion, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwiſe, that the ſloth, the luxury, the care, which attend them, ſhorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and miſery to an untimely grave.

Riches are neither good nor ill in themſelves, but in the uſe we make of them. If expended for the purpoſes for which they were given, they procure every thing that is neceſſary and pleaſing to life; but, if abuſed either by an ill-placed profuſeneſs or ſordid parſimony, they become pernicious to both ſoul and body.

NUMBER LXX.

Force of Habit.

Habit hath ſo vaſt a prevalence over the human mind, that there is ſcarcely any thing too ſtrange or too ſtrong to be aſſerted of it. The ſtory of the miſer, who, from long accuſtoming to cheat others, came at laſt to cheat himſelf, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impoſſible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practiſers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at laſt a power of deceiving themſelves, and acquire that very opinion (however falſe) of their own abilities, excellences, and virtues, into which they have for years, perhaps,

perhaps, endeavoured to betray their neighbours.

NUMBER LXXI.

True Period of human Life, and happy Disposition of our Time.

In life is not be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we ſoon ceaſe from the power of acting. The true period of human life may be reaſonably eſtimated at forty years; the time that we have loſt can never be recovered; what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted; we ſhould therefore endeavour to make the beſt uſe of that which is to come. To

adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party,—of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man, — of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced, — which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

NUMBER LXXII.

Impolicy of frequent Executions.

Whether is it from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiouſneſs of our

our people, that this country ſhould ſhew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united? Perhaps it is owing to both; for, they mutually produce each other. When, by indiſcriminate penal laws, a nation beholds the ſame puniſhment affixed to diſſimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no diſtinction in the penalty, the people are led to loſe all diſtinction in the crime; and this diſtinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for freſh reſtraints. It were to be wiſhed then, that power, inſtead of contriving new laws to puniſh vice, inſtead of drawing hard the cords of ſociety till a convulſion come to burſt them, inſtead of cutting away wretches as uſeleſs, before we have tried their utility; inſtead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wiſhed that we tried the reſtrictive arts

of

of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We ſhould then find, that creatures, whoſe ſouls are held as droſs, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we ſhould then find, that wretches, now ſtuck up for long tortures, leſt luxury ſhould feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, ſerve to ſinew the ſtate in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are ſo too; that few minds are ſo baſe as that perſeverance cannot amend; that a man may ſee his laſt crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will ſerve to cement our ſecurity.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXIII.

Wisdom.

Widely different are the reflections of the wiſe man and the fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other men. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himſelf to the approbation of thoſe about him. Wiſdom is the firſt and choiceſt gift of heaven, it is the parent of virtue, and the ground-work of honour: it compenſates for all other deficiencies,

and

and raiſes him who is poſſeſſed of it above his ſpecies.

NUMBER LXXIV.

First Impressions.

Many good things loſe their gloſs, at firſt, by untoward impreſſions; a great deal of power may be required to do things where affection and confidence are wanted; which a very little may bring about where they are once eſtabliſhed by firſt and favorable impreſſions.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXV.

VIRTUE.

How contemptible muſt all thoſe appear to themſelves, under a conſciouſneſs of doing what they cannot defend, when they reflect ſeriouſly on thoſe actions in which they are engaged! The truly virtuous are ſo from the purity of their principles, and are not influenced by any ſelfiſh motives: they are innately good, and are not prompted to goodneſs by any worldly conſiderations. Virtue is the foundation of amity, it both gains and ſecures the hearts of men; and, what is of infinitely more conſequence to us, the love of God! which paſſeth all underſtanding. Nevertheleſs there is more joy in hea-

ven over one ſinner that repenteth than ninety-nine juſt men.

NUMBER LXXVI.

Solon's Opinion of Marriage.

Solon aboliſhed the cuſtom of giving portions in marriage with young women, unleſs they were only daughters. The bride was to carry no other fortune to her huſband than three ſuits of clothes, and ſome houſehold goods of little value. It was his aim to prevent making matrimony a traffic; he conſidered it as an honorable connection, calculated for the mutual happineſs of both

both parties, and the general advantage of the ſtate.

NUMBER LXXVII.

Beauty.

It is well known, that the beauty of ſome women has days and ſeaſons, and depends upon accidents, which diminiſh or encreaſe it; nay the very paſſions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly deſtroy it.

Beauty, whether it be natural or artificial, deceives the eye, inchants the mind, and takes away even the deſire of not being pleaſed with it. Natural

beauty is, however, infinitely more perfect than artificial; becauſe, reaſon takes part with the ſenſes, and the love of our own happineſs ſeems mingled with the adoration we pay to the beloved object.

It is a low and degrading idea of that ſex, which was created to refine the joys and ſoften the cares of humanity by the moſt agreeable participation, to conſider them merely as objects of ſight. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our eſteem and love, while it draws our admiration! Colours artfully ſpread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and ſhe, who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her perſon any excelling qualities, may be allowed ſtill to amuſe as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXVIII.

VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

To think that, in this life, the things thereof will continue always in the ſame ſtate, is a vain expectation: the whole ſeems rather to be going round; I mean in a circle. The Spring is ſucceeded by the Summer, the Summer by the Autumn, the Autumn by the Winter, and the Winter by the Spring again; and thus time rolls round with a continual wheel. Human life only poſts to its end, ſwifter than time itſelf, without hope of renewal, unleſs in the next, which is limited by no bounds.

Ye, who baſk in the ſun-ſhine of felicity, and enjoy the favours of fortune, — *ye*, who have never experienced any bitter

bitter calamity, — are *ye* capable of judging what will frequently ſmooth the anxiety, and ſoften the ſeverity, of diſappointment and diſtreſs?

NUMBER LXXIX.

True and false Happiness.

True happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators. On the contrary, falſe happineſs loves to be

be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others: ſhe flouriſhes in courts and palaces, theatres and aſſemblies, and has no exiſtence but where ſhe is looked upon.

NUMBER LXXX.

The Heart an unerring Monitor.

Remember, when you are called to any important action, to conſult your heart in ſolitude: God has placed in that heart an unerring monitor; and, if we hear not the ſmall ſtill voice, it is becauſe

becauſe we drown it in the noiſe of the world.

NUMBER LXXXI.

Advice to Parents.

Thoſe, who would maintain a laſting ſway over young people, muſt, by ſoftening the diſtance of age, ſteal into their confidence. Love and reſpect are united; but, if fear once cloſes the avenue to the heart, no other ſentiment ever overcomes it; obedience is then never led by inclination, and we rejoice to eſcape from haughtineſs or auſterity, however venerable the form they aſſume.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXII.

EVILS GREATER OR LESS BY COMPARISON.

To the evils fate impoſes, however grievous, nature inſenſibly accommodates itſelf; but, when the arrows of calamity are winged by love, and dipt in poiſon by friendſhip, the wounds they make always gangrene. Misfortunes ſerve to ſoften the ſoul; injuries alone can make it callous.

NUMBER LXXXIII.

ADVANTAGE OF SUFFERING.

Who ſhall ſay we ſuffer in vain! the feelings of the ſoul, like the organs

of ſight, gain ſtrength by uſe, till we dare to analyze that fate we once could not have ventured to conſider.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

Voluntary Error.

The man who once voluntarily errs muſt either be weak or vicious. In the firſt inſtance, he reſigns himſelf up to the paſſions of others, in the latter to his own; and, in either caſe, ſcarcely ever recovers the narrow, but even, boundary of virtue.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXV.

Abuse of Power.

No human being ſubmits to power with ſo ill a grace as he who has unjuſtifiably exerted it; and, when its reſtrictions fall heavily on ſuch, mere retribution becomes in effect a ſevere revenge.

NUMBER LXXXVI.

Friendship grounded on the maternal and filial Tie.

How noble, how affecting, is the friendſhip grounded on the maternal and filial tie! when, unconſcious of any

weakneſs in her own heart, the mother dares preſent it as a pure and unflattering mirror to her child, and, with that ſelf-applauſe which even heaven approves, contemplates the upright, the innocent, ſoul it reflects! Sacred and indelible becomes that precept which is expreſſed but by example! Happy are thoſe, enabled to form ſuch an attachment as inexperience ſtrengthens on one hand, and knowledge on the other! Neither the guſts of youthful paſſion nor the nipping froſts of age can deſtroy a plant rooted thus by mutual virtue;— it only gains vigour from time; and, by the peculiar indulgence of the Almighty, our ſublimeſt merit ripens into our moſt perfect pleaſure.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXVII.

Fallacy of Artifice.

Though art and addreſs may triumph for a period, yet, when public juſtice overtakes public offenders, human ability is the moſt deceitful and inſufficient prop ingenious guilt can reſt upon.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

Adversity.

The ſchool of adverſity, however mortifying and irkſome, holds forth many ſober and inſtructive leſſons, which the levity of a leſs-guarded conſideration

tion of life is proud enough to ſhut its ears to. Pleaſure and pride find a thouſand means to evade the corrective voice of wiſdom and truth, and the fancy forms a portcullis of inextricable bars to ſhut out theſe monitors.

NUMBER LXXXIX.

Advantage of Society.

Human nature is always more at eaſe in motion than at reſt. Retired in ourſelves, we weigh our misfortunes alone; but in ſociety we view thoſe of others, and are eaſed by the compariſon.

NUM-

NUMBER XC.

Lord Ashburton.

With the illuſtrious character of a patriot, without any paultry ambition, Lord Aſhburton added to the dignity of human nature by a perſiſtive regularity of conduct that is too ſublime to know any deviation. Neither the mandates of tyranny nor the ſervile crouchings of ſlaviſh ſervility could ever move him. He ſtood, in the worſt of times, in the days of civil diſcord, like a rock, firm; and his baſis was fixed on the never-failing pillars of the laws and the conſtitution of his country.

NUM-

NUMBER XCI.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

There is an eſſential difference between true and falſe religion. The true, being ſolid and ſubſtantial, aſſumes no overſtrained appearance of piety; for, having it really, it fears not any ſuppoſitions that may be made to its prejudice; while the falſe, which is only its ſhadow, and entirely deſtitute of its ſubſtance, like all other ſhadows, appears much larger than the body, of which they are only an overcharged figure, and of that very frequently too but a very confuſed reſemblance.

NUMBER XCII.

CONTENT INCOMPATIBLE WITH TOO LIVELY A FANCY.

Men of a lively fancy are too often the cauſe of their own misfortunes. Content and eaſe of mind are by no means the reſidents of a boſom diſturbed by the warmth of a wild imagination, hurried into the various purſuits which ambition and pleaſure excite in a reſtleſs mind: but, though the unhappy child of paſſion is made a ſacrifice himſelf to the bent of his nature, the public at large receive benefit from the real ſource of his miſery. Such men, in all ages, have been the great ſupporters of ſcience, and every branch of literature has been brought to perfection by thoſe reſtleſs diſpoſitions, which could never have been confined

one moment, had not ambition or neceſſity pointed out a taſk of more than ordinary labour, the completion of which would gratify their pride or feed their wants.

NUMBER XCIII.

Difficult to discover the natural Bent of Mens Tempers.

Few men arrive at maturity without their natural diſpoſitions having ſuffered ſo conſiderable an alteration, from external circumſtances, from the peculiarity of their education, from the influence of their early connexions, from the intereſted views of their riper years, from the force of reaſon, or the power

power of reflection, that, after they are entered into active life, it is difficult to discover the natural bent of their tempers. When they appear on the great theatre of the world, like actors on less stages, they frequently assume feigned characters: having chosen their part, their whole study is to keep up to it, though at the expence of their natural feelings, which they sacrifice to some (possibly ideal) good, which they have proposed to themselves as the end of all their actions.

NUMBER XCIV.

Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné.

The undeviating rectitude, the perfect consistency, the unspotted virtue, of

Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné's character, renders him one of the beſt examples that hiſtory can exhibit. The camp of Henry IV. and the court of Catharine de Medicis contained many illuſtrious men. Times of trouble are times of heroiſm; but, in the ſhock of intereſt, the contentions of party-rage, and all the heats of irritated ambition, it is very rare to find unſhaken integrity. In this time it was ſtill more to be admired, as Catharine de Medicis ſo eminently poſſeſſed, and with ſuch general ſucceſs employed, the arts of ſeduction. To the ambitious ſhe held forth the temptations of power; to the avaricious, of wealth; to the luxurious, of pleaſure. Never had the great enemy of mankind ſo able a miniſter and ſo faithful a repreſentative. Every ſpecies of diſſimulation, every mode of treachery, was adopted by her, to allure, to betray, and to ruin. Not only

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on the common frailty of human nature, or on the weakneſs of peculiar diſpoſitions, did ſhe found her hopes and ſchemes to corrupt, but, even when zeal for right objects was carried beyond juſt bounds, or a virtue beyond its due proportion, ſhe watched the opportunity for miſchief. But D'Aubigné was under a better guard than human prudence; and, in ſpite of all the ſnares ſhe laid for him, or the temptations the nature of the times and the ſolicitations of a prince he loved, put in his way, he walked ſurely and uprightly, by following invariably the undefiled law which giveth light to the ſimple: the faithful diſciple of this law, he lived with honour, and died in peace; and poſſeſſes the beſt renown, an honeſt fame; whilſt his adverſary, the pupil of Machiavel, led a life of turbulence and infelicity, and left a memory

deteſted

deteſted by all good, and deſpiſed by all wiſe, men.

NUMBER XCV.

Catharine de Medicis.

On the 5th of January, 1589, Catharine de Medicis departed a world which ſhe ſeemed born to trouble, unregretted by a people whom ſhe had involved in all the cruelleſt diſtreſſes of a civil war. Her reſtleſs ambition would not ſuffer her to be contented with that ſhare of power which ſhe had obtained by corrupting the minds and morals of her ſons, and of her ſubjects; leading them into the moſt deſtructive vices by every art and blandiſhment: but, finding thoſe vile methods inſufficient

to

to ſecure to her the ſole government of the kingdom, ſhe fomented that diſcord which ended in the ruin of her family.

The duplicity of her conduct prevented her from gaining a friend; and her cruelty rendered every good man her enemy. Daring and preſumptuous while unoppoſed, timorous and confounded when danger approached, her life was a ſeries of alternate deſperate undertakings, and mean and treacherous conceſſions: uniform in the malevolence of her deſigns, but inconſtant in her actions; ſteady in her aim, but variable in the means ſhe uſed to attain it; by artifice and ſubterfuge ſhe ſought to ward off, for the preſent hour, the dangers ſhe had incurred by her raſhneſs, without attending to the new diſtreſſes wherein the obliquity of her procedure muſt involve her. By nature

ſhe

ſhe was endowed with ſome ſuperiority of talents, which enabled her to become eminently wicked; and the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew will ever fix an indelible ſtain on the French nation, and render her memory deteſtable to all poſterity.

NUMBER XCVI.

COURAGE.

Life has few charms for the afflicted: a coward, when reduced to a ſtate of miſery, will boldly face death; even cowardice may lead him to ſeek it. Many of the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity loſe all juſt claim to the reputation of courage by having been fataliſts, and

and ſome in all ages have had as little right to pretend to it, ſince they have been tired of the life they ſo freely expoſed. He who believes the hour of his death is ſo certainly decreed that no action of his can haſten or retard it, and he who feels life a burden of which he would gladly be delivered, is equally diſqualified for making any pretentions to courage.

NUMBER XCVII.

ABSURDITY OF PRETENDING TO BE TOO OLD TO MEND.

It is mighty ridiculous to hear old people ſay, I am too old to mend: I ſhould much ſooner pardon young people for ſaying I am too young. Youth

is in itſelf ſo lovely, that, were the ſoul and mind to be as perfect as the body, we could not forbear adoring it; but, when youth is no more, then is the time to think of making ourſelves as perfect as poſſible, and to endeavour to make up the loſs of beauty by the graces of the mind.

NUMBER XCVIII.

IMPOLICY OF ADMINISTERING OATHS TOO FREQUENTLY.

Appealing to the atteſtation of the Deity is moſt certainly the higheſt aſſurance poſſible to be given by any being who has a ſenſe of his dependence on that Deity; nor ſhould ever be given but

but on the moſt important occaſions, and in the moſt ſolemn manner; nor accepted but from ſuch as may be preſumed to underſtand the nature of it.

In ſuch circumſtances it would never be violated. Man is not ſo deſperately abandoned as to run with his eyes open into inextricable perdition; but, when that atteſtation is given lightly, for every trifle, when it is placed in oppoſition to intereſt, and demanded from ſuch as cannot be ſuppoſed to know its conſequence, the reverence, which ſhould be its guard, is taken off, the violation becomes familiar, and, of courſe, the end, for which it is thus impiouſly and injudiciouſly proſtituted, diſappointed; and by that means the moſt ſacred aſſurance of life rendered void, and the bond of ſocial confidence and ſafety broken.

NUMBER XCIX.

AVARICE.

Avarice is a defect of the ſoul, which creates in us an inſatiable deſire of attaining riches, either juſtly or unjuſtly; always ready to accept favours, and ever backward in conferring them; whence proceed all ſorts of baſeneſs.

Avarice and prodigality are vicious extremes; but, between them, dwells a virtue called liberality, which happy are thoſe who have the will and power to exerciſe.

There is a mean in all things; finally, there are certain boundaries, on either ſide of which moral rectitude cannot exiſt.

NUMBER C.

Education.

Education is to the mind what cleanlineſs is to the body; the beauties of the one, as well as the other, are blemiſhed, if not totally loſt, by neglect; and, as the richeſt diamond cannot ſhoot forth its luſtre wanting the lapidary's ſkill, ſo will the latent virtues of the nobleſt mind be buried in obſcurity, if not called forth by precept and the rules of good manners.

That father, ſays the learned Baudier, who takes care to feed and clothe his ſon, but neglects to give him ſuch accompliſhments as befit his capacity and rank in life, is more than half his murderer; ſince he deſtroys the better part, and

and but continues the other to endure a life of ſhame. Of all the men we meet with, nine out of ten are what they are, good or evil, uſeful or not, by their education; it is that which makes the great difference in mankind: the little, or almoſt inſenſible, impreſſions on our tender infancy have very important and laſting conſequences.

Virtue is the hard and valuable part to be aimed at in education; all other conſiderations and accompliſhments ſhould give way and be poſtponed to this.

NUM-

NUMBER CI.

FLATTERY.

Flattery, though ſweet to the ear is bitter to the underſtanding; becauſe it makes us ſtrangers to ourſelves; it gives the name of liberal to the prodigal; wiſe and prudent, to the avaricious; it calls the debauchee an acccompliſhed courtier; the obſtinate, a conſtant man; the ſlothful, grave; the drunken, a good companion. In fine, there is no vice, how deteſtable ſoever, but it can cloak under the appearance of virtue.

NUMBER CII.

FORTUNE.

Fortune changes often, according to the diverſity of time and place. Some are extremely happy in their youth, and miſerable when old: others ſee no good days till age comes upon them. The ſame ſchemes, laid by different perſons, have often vaſtly different effects: what is the utter ruin of one man ſhall make another great.

Fortune takes pleaſure in giving felicity where it is leaſt expected, and the ſame in taking it away. The ſmiles of fortune are not to be depended upon, nor ſhould her frowns drive us to deſpair. Time and chance happen unto all men.

NUMBER CIII.

Truth.

The great and illuſtrious men of antiquity thought no virtue more commendable than a ſtrict obſervance of their word. They looked on it as the firſt foundation of juſtice, the bond of amity, and the chief ſupport of ſociety. There is nothing in which a wiſe man is more diſtinguiſhed from a fool than by his promiſes.

The indiſcreet make them lightly, and as often as they are demanded: the man of judgement conſults within himſelf before he enters into any engagement. The one forgets immediately what he has ſaid: the other, having once made you depend, will never revolt, what loſs or detriment ſoever it may happen to be to him.

If the ſhow of any thing be good, I am ſure ſincerity is better; for, why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? to counterfeit and diſſemble being to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency.

Whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſehood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when, perhaps, he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſehood.

NUM-

NUMBER CIV.

JEALOUSY.

Jealouſy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the perſon whom he entirely loves. Now, becauſe our inward paſſions and inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his ſuſpicions. His thoughts hang at beſt in a ſtate of doubtfulneſs and uncertainty, and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantageous ſide, ſo that his enquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing. His pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret, that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

Jealouſy is the child of love; but, when it grows too ſtrong, is the moſt tormenting, as well as the moſt violent, fury of the mind: no paſſion is more brutal or more criminal. When it once gains empire over the ſoul, it kindles a fire which can hardly be extinguiſhed but by blood. Nor is it men alone that are ſubject to the diſtractions of this paſſion; women are alſo touched with it, and in a more dangerous degree. The wild boar, purſued by dogs; the lion, rouſed from his ſleep; the tigreſs, robbed of her young; are not more terrible than a woman injured in her love.

After this frightful account, it is but fair to conclude, that there is ſo great a mixture of love in jealouſy as is well worth the ſeparating.

NUM-

NUMBER CV.

Men and Women.

Women in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They ſhould each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reaſon. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and ſevere, and the other of being briſk and airy. Men ſhould beware of being captivated by a kind of ſavage philoſophy,—women by a thoughtleſs gallantry. Where theſe precautions are not obſerved, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette;

quette; the man grows ſullen and moroſe, the woman impertinent and fantaſtical.

NUMBER CVI.

Enjoyment of Life.

There is no real life but chearful life. Whatever we do, we ſhould keep up the chearfulneſs of our ſpirits, and never let them ſink below an inclination, at leaſt, to be well pleaſed. The way to do this is to keep our bodies in exerciſe, our minds at eaſe. That inſipid ſtate, wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the ſatisfaction of ſome innocent pleaſure, or purſuit of ſome laudable deſign, we are

are in the poſſeſſion of life, of human life.

Fortune will give us diſappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy ſide of our account by our ſpleen, or ill-humour. The ſpirit of any man, that will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, becauſe it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as neceſſary, if it is not the way to an eſtate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an eſtate. This temper will preſerve health in the body as well as tranquillity in the mind. To enjoy health and life, as a conſtant feaſt, we ſhould not think pleaſure neceſſary, but, if poſſible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed, upon occaſions of good fortune, as to be

be dejected in circumſtances of diſtreſs. We ſhould not form our minds to expect tranſport on every occaſion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant deſire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, unleſs we can poſſeſs ourſelves in that ſobriety of heart which is above all pleaſures, and can be felt much better than deſcribed: but the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is, by a proſpect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of this. For, what is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We ſpend the day in trifles; and, when the night comes, we throw ourſelves into the bed of folly, amongſt dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imagi-

nations.

nations. Our reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are, for the time, as arrant brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the ſtall or in the field. Are not the capacities of men higher than theſe? And ought not his ambitions and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world! It is, at leaſt, a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our paſſions.

The man, who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him. It is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are moſt inactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, but his

heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Author and Supporter of its exiſtence!

To die happy is the certain conſequence of a well-ſpent life. The pleaſures of life do not compenſate the miſeries: age ſteals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared.

NUM-

NUMBER CVII.

A GOOD AND WISE MAN.

A good and wiſe man ſhould ſo arm himſelf with patience as not to yield tamely to the violence of paſſion and pain. He ſhould learn ſo to ſuppreſs and contract his deſires as to have few wants: he ſhould cheriſh ſo many virtues in his ſoul as to have a perpetual ſource of pleaſure in himſelf. His happineſs, in this world, will proceed from the ſuppreſſion of his deſires; but, in the next world, from the gratification of them.

Seneca ſays, "Life is a voyage, in "the progreſs of which we are perpe- "tually changing our ſcenes." Hence one obvious remark, — not to be too much elated with proſperity, nor too

much depreſſed with adverſity, but to look forward with hope, and to conſider life as a journey, at the end of which only we can expect to arrive at perfect felicity.

NUMBER CVIII.

Effects of Fortune.

It is wonderful what a great alteration in our favour a good fortune makes: it is far beyond education, ingenuity, or brilliancy of parts. When wealth and proſperity forſake a man, we diſcover in him that want of underſtanding which was undiſcoverable before; ſo, when they ſhine upon him, we preſently ſee perfections in him which

which no one was able to find out till then.

Lord Cheſterfield, writing to his ſon, ſays, " Undeſerved praiſe is the ſevereſt " cenſure; therefore, ſit down and " conſider, when you are praiſed, whe- " ther you deſerve it or not: if not, " depend upon it you are only laughed " at and abuſed."

NUMBER CIX.

PRECEPT OF PYTHAGORAS.

Let not ſleep fall upon thine eyes till thou haſt thrice reviewed the tranſactions of the paſt day. Where have I turned aſide from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone?

undone? Begin this from the firſt act, and proceed.

NUMBER CX.

CONTRITION.

We frequently give ourſelves up to all the pangs which the retroſpect of the paſt and the idea of the preſent ſuggeſt. But, if we feel not that contrition which reſults from ingenuous ſorrow for our offences, the ſoul is too often only ruled by that gloomy demon, who looks only to the anguiſh of its puniſhment, and accuſes the hand of Providence for calamities which man has himſelf occaſioned.

NUMBER CXI.

Anger.

Of all paſſions, there is none ſo extravagant and outrageous as that of anger. Other paſſions ſolicit and miſlead us, but anger runs away with us. Anger is a weakneſs of nature, baſe and contemptible. It is a paſſion moſt pernicious to the ſoul, and differs from malice but in this, that it is leſs laſting.

NUMBER CXII.

Good-Nature.

Man is ſubject to innumerable pains and ſorrows by the very condition of humanity;

humanity; and yet, as if nature had not ſown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is ſtill made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injuſtice, of his neighbour. At the ſame time that the ſtorm beats upon the whole ſpecies, we are falling foul upon one another. Half the miſery of human life might be extinguiſhed, would man alleviate the general curſe they lie under, by mutual offices of compaſſion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage, in ourſelves and others, than that diſpoſition of mind, which, in our language, goes under the title of good-nature.

Good-

Good-nature is more agreeable in converſation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It ſhews virtue in the faireſt light, takes off, in ſome meaſure, from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence ſupportable.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, proſperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cheriſhers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up where it does not grow of itſelf. It is one of the bleſſings of a happy conſtitution, which education may improve but not produce.

NUMBER CXIII.

Parents and Children.

In moſt families, where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly diſcord. If a kingdom is a great family, a family, likewiſe, is a little kingdom, torn with factions and expoſed to revolutions. Parents and children ſeldom act in concert. Few parents act in ſuch a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man truſts wholly to ſlow contrivance and gradual progreſſion; the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence; the youth commits himſelf to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes

believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openneſs and candour: but his father, having ſuffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to ſuſpect, and too often allured to practiſe, it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the ſcrupuloſity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greateſt part, live on to love leſs and leſs. In general, thoſe parents have moſt reverence who moſt deſerve it; for, he that lives well cannot be deſpiſed.

NUMBER CXIV.

Conclusion.

No man is born without vices; and he is the beſt man who has the feweſt.

He, who requires that his friend ſhould not take offence at his own great

protuberances, ſhould excuſe his friend's little wants; it is but fair he who entreats a pardon for his faults ſhould be ready to grant one in his turn.

It is of little conſequence of what parents any man is born, ſo that he be a man of merit. It is a ſingular honour to pleaſe thoſewho diſtinguiſh probity in low birth, not by the illuſtriouſneſs of a father, but by the purity of the heart and the manner of living.

As ſoon as a man perceives how much the things he has diſcarded excel thoſe he purſues, let him return in time and reſume thoſe he before relinquiſhed.

It is the duty of every man, that would be true to himſelf, to obtain, if poſſible, a diſpoſition to be pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant aptitude for the ſatisfaction of his being.

All our endeavours after greatneſs proceed from a deſire of being ſurrounded by a multitude of perſons and affairs that hinder us from looking into ourſelves, which is a view we cannot bear.

Every action of any importance ought to have a proſpect of public good; and the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reaſon, of religion, and good-breeding.

Reaſon ſhould govern paſſion, but, inſtead of that, it is often ſubſervient to it.

It is a great diſhonour and ſhame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit to humour and pleaſe men in their vices and follies.

As the love of praiſe is implanted in our boſoms as a ſtrong incentive to worthy

worthy actions, it is a very difficult taſk to get above the deſire of it for things that ſhould be wholly indifferent.

It is wonderful to obſerve how eaſily a man gets into a habit of being leaſt agreeable where it ſhould be his ſtudy to be moſt ſo.

He is a very unhappy man who ſets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undiſtinguiſhing applauſe. He only is a great man who can neglect the applauſe of the multitude, and enjoy himſelf independent of its favours.

Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal; and he may properly be charged with evil who has refuſed to learn how he might prevent it. There is in human nature a propenſity to every kind of evil; and perſons, of the beſt diſpoſition and moſt liberal education, may,

may, if they ſuffer their paſſions to predominate, be betrayed into the moſt frightful exceſſes.

To live without feeling or exciting ſympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without taſting the balm of pity, is a ſtate more gloomy than ſolitude; it is not retreat, but excluſion, from mankind.

Friendſhip improves happineſs and abates miſery.

Misfortunes are the trials of the ſoul; the guilty yield to them, but the truly innocent deſpiſe them. Misfortunes give a man the occaſion of practiſing the nobleſt of moral virtues, fortitude. Nothing is ſo mean as to be depreſſed by misfortunes; nothing more great than to triumph over them: they loſe their name when combated by a brave and magnanimous reſolution.

They

They, who have never known proſperity, can hardly be ſaid to be unhappy. It is from the remembrance of joys we have loſt that the arrows of affliction are pointed; yet, if we could bring ourſelves to think whatever happens is for the beſt, it would make every diſappointment eaſy.

Let the virtuous remember, amidſt their afflictions, that, though the heart of the good man may bleed even to death, it will never feel a torment equal to the rendings of remorſe.

Conſcious virtue is the only ſolid foundation of all happineſs; for, riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word, is ſuppoſed to conſtitute happineſs, will never quiet, much leſs cure, the inward pangs of guilt.

THE END.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM